

LITERARY EXAMINER.

The First Violet.
BY HIS BROTHER, LITTON.

"Who that has loved knows not the tender tale
Which flowers reveal when lips are coy to
tall?"

Whose youth has passed, and dreaming in the
vale,
Where the rath violets dwell?

"Lo when they shrink along the lovely brake,
Under the leafless, melancholy tree;
Not yet the cuckoo sings, nor glides the snake,
Nor wild thyme lures the bee!

"Yet at their sight and scent entranced and
thrill'd,
All June seems golden in the April skies:
How sweet the days we yearn for, till faintly
O distant Paradise!"

"Dear land, to which Desire for ever flows,
Time doth no present to the past allow;
Say, in the first of Eternal shall we go
At last the fleeting Now!"

"Dream not of days to come, of that unknown
Whither hope wanders (moss without a clue):
Give their true witchery to the flowers—their
own
Youth in their youth renew."

"Avarice! remember when the cowslip's gold
Lured and yet lost its glitter in thy grasp:
Do thy hands glad thee more than those of
old!"

These wither'd in thy clasp.

"From these thy clasp falls pallid!—It was
then,
That thou wert rich;—thy coffers are full!
Alas, poor fool! joy is the wealth of men,
And care their property!"

"Come, fold! Ambition! what hast thou desired?
Empire and power!—O! wanderer, temptest
lost!"

These once were thine, when life's gay spring
inspired
Thy soul with glories lost!

"Let the flowers charm thee to the jocund
prime,
When o'er the stars rapt fancy traces the
chart;
Thou hadst an angel's power in that brief time,
Thy realm a human heart!"

"Hark! hark! again the heart of bashful feet!
Hark! the boughs rustling round thy trying
feet!"

Let air again with one dear breath be sweet,
Each fair with one dear face!

"Brief-lived first flowers, first love! the hours
steal on,
To track the world in summer's pomp and
hue:
But what shall flourish beneath a fiercer sun?
Worth what we lose in you?"

"Oh, by a flower, a leaf, in some loved book
We mark the lines that charm us most. Re-
trace
Thy life, recall its loveliest passages—look,
Dear violet, keep the place!"

The Little Shepherd.
From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

One evening in the month of July 1825,
a child about ten years old, badly dressed,
and with bare feet, was driving a flock of
sheep across a plain in Picardy. Young
as he was, his countenance was grave and
pale, and his large dark eyes were intently
fixed on a book, which he held in his open
hand; while, but for the watchful care of a
dog that accompanied him, his fleecy
charge might have strayed in every direc-
tion without his being conscious of it. He
walked slowly on, still looking at his book,
until, as he was passing a cottage, a voice
from its door recalled him from his abstraction.

"What, Pierre, are you going to pass by
your old friend Louison, without saying
good-evening?"

These words were spoken by an old
woman, whose spinning at the threshold.
"No, good Louison," replied the boy with
a very serious air; "I intended to call and
embrace you."

"How say you that, Pierre?" said the old
woman. "One would think you were going
away, and that you were never to see
you again."

"I hope, whenever I see you, to find you
well and happy," replied the child.

"And always ready to share my luncheon
with my little Pierre, who on Sunday has
the kindness to come and read prayers for
me, since I have become too feeble to go to
church myself. Here, Pierre, take this lit-
tle nice white loaf which the baker gave
me this morning, and these fresh nuts—eat
stay, put this in your pocket. What's the
child afraid of?—his only a silver shilling.
Ah, Pierre, you have fine eyes, and a large
high forehead. Do you know I often think
you are not destined to keep sheep all your
life; something tells me you will be a great
man one of these days. Still one thing
puzzles me: if you remain here in this vil-
lage of St. Gobain, how are you ever to
become great—a man whom every one
will talk of and say, 'Do you know that
he was once little La Ramée, the son of
La Ramée the charcoal-burner, and Calin-
nette his wife?'"

"Indeed, Louison, I don't think I shall
remain long at St. Gobain. You know's
better days may come, and then," added
he, throwing his little caressing arms round
the old woman's neck, "when you do not
see me here, you will pray to God for me!
Farewell, dear Louison, I shall never forget
you."

"Why, what do you mean by that, Pierre?
Pierrot!"

But Pierre was already out of hearing;
and having overtaken his sheep, drove them
towards a farmhouse which stood at some
distance, surrounded by piles of charcoal.
On his way he stopped at an old oak tree,
and climbing its lower branches, he placed
the nuts, and the silver coin which Louison
had given him. As he was getting down,
he felt his leg grasped by a powerful hand.
"Ah, little robber of bird's nests, have I
caught you!" said a loud, good-natured
voice.

"Oh, Richard, is that you?" said Pierre.
"You startled me: I thought at first it was
my father."

"Your father came home long ago; and
when your mother went to the fold, she
found a very sorry account of her sheep."

"Oh, my mother won't be very angry."

"Yes, but that's not all," replied Richard;
"while she was looking for the sheep, she
found something else—a book! and you
never saw such a fuss as she made about it."

"I hope she will give me back my book,"
said Pierre, speaking more to himself than
to his father's servant.

As he entered the house after putting up
the sheep, his mother met him, and said
coldly, "Go in; your father wants to speak
to you."

A rough-looking man was seated at a
table laid for supper, his eyes were fixed on
the fire, and his hand rested on the book
found in the sheepfold.

"Husband, here is Pierre."

La Ramée looked up. "What has hap-
pened to keep you so late?"

"Nothing, father."

"To whom does this book belong?"

"To me, father."

"Who gave it you?"

"I did, said Richard; 'I gave him
money to buy it.'"

"And what do you do with it, child?"
asked his father.

"I read it, father."

"You read it?" cried his father and mother
together; "and where did you learn to
read?"

"I taught him," said Richard. The lit-
tle fellow, did me a service one day, and I
returned it by doing him another."

"A fine service truly!" said Calinette.

"If this child is ruined, Richard, we shall
have to thank for it. Teach him to
read! Did any one ever hear such folly?
Perhaps you have taught him to write too!"

"Alas, I can't do that myself, mistress!"
replied Richard.

"That's fortunate, I'm sure; and I should
like to know what good will learning ever
do him?"

"That's not the question, wife," said La
Ramée; "certainly, if I could, I should
like to have him instructed; but poverty is
a sad thing."

"Oh, indeed it is," said Pierre, with a
deep sigh. Then taking courage, he ad-
ded, "However, father, if you would—"

"Send you too school, I suppose you
mean?" interrupted his father. You know
I have not the means; I can't afford to feed
idle mouths."

"Here is your supper," said his mother,
giving him a basin of soup and a bit of
brown bread.

"May I have my book?" asked Pierre,
taking his supper with one hand, and ex-
tending the other towards his father.

The latter handed it to him, and asked,
"Who wrote this book?"

"Jean de Roly," replied Pierre.

"Who was that priest?" asked his mother,
as she continued to help the soup.

"He was one of the most eloquent orators
of the last century," replied the child.
He was chancellor and archdeacon of
the church of Notre Dame in Paris."

He knew how to read and write too," ad-
ded Pierre, with a sigh; "so that in 1461,
when parliament sent a remonstrance to
Louis XI, it was he who composed it."

Afterwards in 1483, the clergy of Paris
sent him to the assembly of the States-
General at Tours, where he spoke of the
suppression of abuses. Charles VIII, the
son of Louis XI, and the father of our pre-
sent king, Louis XII, was so much pleased
with him, that he appointed him his almon-
er, and kept him at court."

"There, there—that will do," cried Calin-
nette.

"You see now I was the means of teach-
ing all that to the little fellow," said Rich-
ard proudly.

"Fine things, I'm sure, to teach him! Go
to bed, Master Wiscare," added she, giv-
ing her son a slight push—"go and look
for your Jean Roly!"

"Jean de Roly, mother, and I can't go
look for him, because he died twenty-six
years ago."

"But for that, I suppose you'd go to him,
and all the grand people in Paris; and you,
forsooth, the son of a charcoal burner in
Picardy!"

"My father certainly burns charcoal,"
said Pierre in a low tone; "and yet he has
gentle blood in his veins."

"And you think yourself a gentleman, I
suppose?" asked his mother.

"Oh, cried the boy, 'I care not for rank
or wealth; all I want is to gain knowl-
edge.'"

"Well, go to bed, and dream that you
have it, and it will be all the same thing."

"Good-night, mother; good-night, father;
good-night, Richard," said Pierre, and went
to sleep in the stable, among his sheep.

The next morning, when Pierre prepared
as usual to take out his flock for the day,
he paused on the threshold of his father's
cottage, and turning back, said, "Kiss me,
mother."

"What for, child?" replied Calinette.

"Old Louison says," replied Pierre, "that
we never know when we may die. If you
were never to see me again—"

"What strange ideas the boy has!" said
his mother, giving him a hearty kiss.

"There, Pierrot, 'tis time for you to go."

An hour afterwards, Pierre, having led
his flock to their accustomed pasture, com-
mended him to the care of his faithful dog,
and turned his steps toward the Paris road.
Something in his heart recalled him from
leaving his parents, and told him that an
enterprise commenced against their wishes
could not prosper; but the boy tried to dis-
turb the uneasy feeling, and walked on, car-
rying a stick and a bundle containing a
change of clothes, a few books, and the
provision given him by old Louison.

He had not gone far when he saw Rich-
ard coming toward him.

"Where are you going?" asked the man.

"I can't tell you, Richard; for if I
ask you at home, I want you to be able to
say you do not know."

"I guess it, child—you're going to leave
us; and the old servant's voice faltered as
he spoke."

"Richard," said the child, bursting into
tears, "dear Richard, don't betray me."

"You taught me to read; that was like open-
ing the gate of a beautiful garden, and now
I want to enter and taste the fruit. I am
going to Paris."

"Without your father's permission?"

"Yes; you know if I had asked him, he
would have refused. I shall never forget
you, Richard; and when I am learned and
happy"—He could say no more; but
dashing away the tears that blinded him,
was some distance on his way before Rich-
ard turned slowly toward home.

That evening there was sad consterna-
tion in the farmhouse when the sheep re-
turned under the sole escort of Loulou the
dog.

"Pierre! Pierre!—where is Pierre?" re-
sounded on all sides.

Richard alone sat silently in a corner
praying God to protect the little traveler.

After much fatigue, Pierre La Ramée at
length reached Paris. While passing
through the country, he was kindly received,
lodged and fed by the peasants, so that he
had no occasion to spend the few sous he
possessed. But it was different in the great
city; there he was obliged to purchase a
piece of bread, and having eaten it to seek
a lodging where he best could. The cov-
ered entrance to the market afforded a tol-
erable shelter; and there, with a stone for
a pillow, Pierre managed to sleep soundly.

Next morning he was awake early by the
noise of the town; and seeing a number of
children going toward a school, he followed
them to the gate. They entered, and he
remained standing alone. His heart beat
fast, and taking courage, he knocked at the
gate.

The porter opened it. "What do you
want?"

"I want to enter and listen to what is go-
ing on," replied the little stranger with sim-
plicity.

"Who are you?"

"A poor child come on foot from his own
village to acquire learning."

"Can you pay for admission?"

"Alas! I have nothing in the world."

"Then I advise you to go back as quick-
ly as you can," said the porter, shutting the
door in his face.

Still the child was not discouraged; he
sat down on the step. "The children," he
thought, "will soon be coming out; perhaps
one of them will take pity on me."

He waited patiently until the great gate
opened, and the scholars, leaping and shout-
ing for joy, rushed out tumultuously. No
one minded poor Pierre; and he might have
remained quiet unnoticed, had he not start-
ed forward to raise a little boy, whose foot
had tripped against a stone.

"Are you hurt, little master?" asked
Pierre.

"No thank you," replied the child, and
passed on.

Fancy the despair of poor little La Ra-
mée when he found himself once more
before that large green gate, which seemed
resolved never to admit him. Still he
waited until the pupils returned; and as the
child who had fallen passed by, he saluted
him.

"Master," said Pierre, advancing.

"Here," said the child, offering him a
piece of money.

"It is not that," said Pierre, drawing back
his hand.

"What, then?" asked the pupil, with sur-
prise.

"Lend me one of your books, little mas-
ter; I will return it when you come out."

"What good will that do you?" said the
child, greatly astonished.

"Oh, a great deal; it will make me very
happy."

"Here, then," said the pupil, giving him
the first book that came to hand.

It was a Latin grammar. Pierre opened
it, and turned over the leaves without being
able to comprehend a sentence. When his
little master came out, Pierre returned it
to him with a sigh. "To-morrow, I will
lend you a French book," said the child;
and he kept his word.

But in this world reading and learning
are not all-sufficient; it is necessary like-
wise to eat; and in order to do this, how-
ever sparingly, Pierre was obliged by de-
grees to sell part of his clothes, and yet
sleep in the open air. Hunger and misery
produced their usual effects, and the poor
child felt that his frame was sinking.

"This," thought he, is a just punishment
from God, for leaving home without my
parents' permission. Oh, my poor moth-
er, I have caused you grief enough with-
out adding to it the anguish of hearing one
day that your son died far away from you,
without your blessing, or hearing you say
that you forgave him. My God, give me
strength to go home."

The prayer was heard. Some time af-
terwards Pierre once more entered his na-
tive fields, feeling that he had done very
wrong, and deserved punishment, yet full of
trust in his parents' affection.

Richard was the first to see Pierre. He
rather guessed it was he than recognised him;
for the poor child was so altered, so
pale and so thin, that he looked like the
shadow of the pretty little La Ramée.

Richard caught him in his arms, and hug-
ged him with transport.

"Oh, how they wept for you!" said he; "and
what difficulty I had in keeping your se-
cret. Well, have you seen Paris? Is it as
large as people say? Have you learned a
great deal there? Are you very wise now?"

Pierre smiled sadly: "I have seen but little
of Paris," he said; "and I return as ignorant
as when I set out. Oh, Richard, I have
suffered a great deal, especially from hun-
ger. But mother, father—how are they?"

"Just then they reached the cottage door:
The parents of Pierre tried to look stern
and unforgiving, but it would not do. The
father's eyes filled with tears while he told
his son that he had forfeited his affection;
and the mother covered him with kisses
while she protested that she would never
embrace him again in her life.

"Come," said a brother of Calinette, who
had lately taken up his abode with the
family, "this is the return of the Prodigal
Son. Let every one embrace him and be
satisfied. You, brother-in-law, forgive the
little fellow; and you, sister, give him some
good warm soup. And do you, my boy,
promise your parents not to leave home
again."

"Without their permission," said Pierre.

"What do you think still of returning?"
"Yes, uncle."

"Notwithstanding all that you have suf-
fered?"

"Oh, to suffer is nothing! to learn is every-
thing!"

Astonished at this determination, the
uncle considered for a moment, and then
said—"Your desire shall be accomplished,
nephew; it would be a pity to disappoint
so much courage and perseverance. I am an
old man without children, and I have a few
gold coins lying idle in my trunk; I think,
brother, I'll lend you some in indulging
your young eagerness: what do you say?"

"I say, Vincent, that if you will pay for
his schooling, I do not desire better than
to have him instructed, and I will readily al-
low him to return to Paris."

Great was the joy of Pierre at hear-
ing these words. Behold him again on the
high road; but this time with a light heart,
an easy conscience, and a pocket furnished
with money, and a letter of introduction to
the principal of the college of Navarre in
Paris.

He arrived, and was admitted. The first
time that our young hero found himself se-
ated in a class, with a professor about to
instruct him, was an hour of unmixed deli-
ght. It seemed to him as though he had nei-
ther eyes to see, nor ears to hear, nor memory
to retain all he wanted to learn. He came
to the banquet of science as a hungry man
would come to a delicious feast; therefore
the progress that he made, especially in
Latin, was so marvellous, that his compa-
nions, to commemorate it, Latinized his name,
and called him RAMUS. By this name he
was ever afterwards distinguished. But the
trials the poor boy was destined to undergo
were not yet ended.

His uncle, more generous than rich, found
at length that his funds were exhausted. He
caused a letter to be written to him contain-
ing these words:—"Leave the college, dear
Pierre; I have no more money to send you.
You have now quite sufficient learning to
conduct your father's trade."

Just before the receipt of this letter the
principal had told Ramus that in two years
more his studies would be completed.

"Two years!" thought he; "only two years;
and I must leave the college! Oh not! I
will find some means of remaining. And
instead of despairing, as an ordinary boy
might have done, Ramus applied himself to
diligent exertion."

For some time the managers of the col-
lege had been seeking a servant to brush the
clothes and clean the shoes of the pupils.
As the wages were small, and the work la-
borious, but few candidates offered for the
place, when one day a lad presented him-
self, whose appearance greatly astonished the
principal.

"Ramus!" he cried: "Ramus! One of our
best pupils offering himself as a shoe-boy?"

"My uncle can no longer pay for my edu-
cation, sir, and I cannot bear to leave the
college."

"Well, my child, then remain," said the

master, touched by his anxiety; "but 'tis a
great pity. You would make a better pup-
il than servant. How much do you ex-
pect?"

"Ah, I dare not say."

"Let us see, on account of your age and
anxiety to remain, I will increase the wages
somewhat."

"Sir," said Ramus with a desperate effort,
"I do not ask money; all I wish is permis-
sion to retain my place in the class. I will
continue my studies by day, and work hard
as a servant by night."

"And when will you sleep?" asked the
principal, greatly affected.

"During the hours of recreation!" replied
the noble boy.

What may not be accomplished by a real
thirst for knowledge. Ramus steadily con-
tinued his almost superhuman labors of
mind and body, and in the end he reaped a
reward. After leaving the college, he re-
ceived all the honors and degrees that are
conferred on learned men; and King Hen-
ry II, named him professor of eloquence
and philosophy in the College of France.

He published several works, which still
attest the enlargement of his mind and the
extent of his knowledge. It was he who
invented the letter V. Before his time, U
had been employed in all cases when either
letter was required.

Ramus became rich and prosperous, as
well as learned; but he did not forget his
parents, nor his old friend Louison—who
had predicted that he would become a great
man—nor Richard, who was the first to de-
velop his intellect, in teaching him to read.
I am sorry to have to add, that Ramus per-
ished in the year 1572, in the cruel massacre
of St. Bartholomew.

**THE PRE-EMINENCE OF POETRY THAT WILL
PROBABLY ENDURE.**—When we look back
upon the havoc which two hundred years
have made in the ranks of our mortals, and
the accumulation of more good works than
there is time to peruse, we cannot help being
dismayed at the prospect which lies before
the writers of the present day. There never
was a so prolific of popular poetry as that
in which we now live. The last ten years
have produced, we think, an annual sup-
ply of about ten thousand lines of good
staple poetry—poetry from the very first
hands, and as likely to be permanent as
present success can make it. Now if this
goes on for a hundred years longer, what a
task will await the poetical readers of 1919!
Our living poets will then be nearly as old
as Pope and Swift are at present—and if
Scott, and Byron, and Campbell have al-
ready cast Pope and Swift a good deal in-
to the shade, in what form and dimensions
are they themselves likely to be presented
to the eyes of our great grandchildren?
The thought, we own, is a little appalling;
and we confess we see nothing better to
imagine than that they may find a comfort-
able place in some new collection of
specimens—the centenary of the present
publication. There shall posterity still
prize with rapture on the half of Campbell,
and the fourth part of Byron—and the sixth
of Scott—and the scattered tithes of Crabbe,
and the three per cent. of Southey—while
some good-natured critic shall sit in
mouldering chair, and more than half pre-
fer them to those by whom they have been
superceded! It is a hyperbole of good na-
ture, however, we fear to ascribe to them
even those dimensions at the end of a cen-
tury. After a lapse of two hundred and
fifty years, we are afraid to think of the
space they may have shrunk into. We have
no Shakespeare, alas! to shed a nev-
er-setting light on his contemporaries; and
if we continue to write and rhyme at the
present rate for two hundred years longer,
there must be some new art of short-hand
reading invented—or all reading will be
given up in despair.—Lord Jeffrey.

IMPORTANCE OF COOKERY.—It is a cu-
rious fact, that during the war in Spain,
some forty years since, when the French
and English armies were alike suffering
from the scantiness of provisions, the French
soldiers kept up their strength much better
than the English, solely because they put
such food as they could get to much better
account. The English soldier would take
up the lump of meat, and broil it on the
coals till a good part of it was burned al-
most to a cinder, though even then part of
the remainder was probably raw. The
French soldiers, on the contrary, would cut
two or three together, and stew their bits
of meat with bread, and such herbs and ve-
getables as they could collect, into a savory
and wholesome dish. So great was the dif-
ference between these two ways, in their
effect on the strength and health of the sol-
diers, that it was remarked that a French
army would live in a country in which
an English army would starve.—Family
Economist.

Preconception and Promptitude.
Shun delays, they breed remorse:
Take thy time while time is lent thee;
Creeping snails have weakest force;
Fly thy fault lest thou repent thee:
God is best when soonest wrought;
Lingering labors come to naught.

Hoist up sail while gale dost last,
Tide and wind wait no man's pleasure;
Seek not time when time is past;
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure;
After wit is dearly bought,
Let thy forewit guide thy thought.

As when around the moon the stars appear,
Lowest in heaven, and all in heav'n's light;
When mountain-tops and uplands, back to light,
And woods, and all th' ethereal depth of night,
Seems open'd back to heav'n, and night is hid
Of all the stars, and shepherd's hearts are glad;
So many 'twixt the ship and river, shone
The Trojan fires in front of Ithaca.—L. Hunt.

A King is a person, who for any
wherein the public really needs him, has
little else to do but to bestow the eating
and drinking of excessive dainties; to set a
pompous face upon the superficial acts of
State; to pageant himself up and down
in progress among the perpetual bowings
and cringes of an obsequious people, on either
side deifying and adoring him for nothing
done that can deserve it.—Milton.

It was a very just and sensible answer